A ſigne of dignity, a gariſh flagge,
To bee the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to me and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
where be the thronging troupes that followed thee
Decline all this and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, amoſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a uery Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humble ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemyes.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare deaths happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe make the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu, M. Thy woes will make them ſharp & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your clients woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what the
Helpe not all, yet not doe they eaſe th
Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide, go
And in the breath of bitter words, lets
My damned ſonne, which thy too ſonn
I heare his drum, be copious in exclain
Enter King Richard marching w
and trumpets.
King. Who intercepts my expeditio
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercep
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wo
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that th
Qu. Had'ſt thou that forehead with
Where ſhou'd be grauen, if that right
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owd
And the dire death of my two ſonnes,
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings. Riuers*
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alar
Let not the heauens heare theſe tell-tai
Raile on the Lord anointed. Strike I ſa
Either be patient and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous reports of war
Thus will I drowne your exclamations
Dut. art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my Father and
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatie
King. Madam I haue a touch of your
Which cannot brooke the accent of rep
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my
King. and briefe good mother for I a
Dut. art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and ago
King. and came I not at laſt to comfo
Dut. No by the holy roode thou know
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)